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abbots coming after in the list. Several others belonging to the same period are unnoticed here, the *Four Masters* affording us no means of tracing any relationship between them. But the evidence which is available from their *Annals*, for our present purpose, although less full in some respects than could have been wished, abundantly suffices to show this much, at least, that the method of family succession was in use at Iona, not only at a very early period, but even from the very first institution of the place, and with the sanction of its founder, by whose appointment his cousin, Baethan, became his own immediate successor.

15. Of the abbots who successively governed the institution founded at Derry by St. Columkille, for more than 250 years from its first origin, we know nothing; not even a name of any one of them previously to the latter half of the ninth century being found on record in our ancient annals. Of the notices to be met with of those who came after, the following are a few. (See the learned *Ordinance Memoir of Derry*, which is our authority for a few additions in the following entries to the information supplied by the annals of the Four Masters; pp. 26, &c.)

A.D. 844. Niall Caille, son of Hugh Ornee, having been sovereign of Ireland for 13 years, was drowned in the Callan [co. Kilkenny, probably].

A.D. 879. Murtogh, son of Niall, Abbot of Derry and other churches, died.

A.D. 906. Donnell, son of Hugh Finlia, Lord of Aileach, took the [pilgrim's] staff. [N.B. Aileach was a royal residence, about five miles N.W. of Derry.]

A.D. 911. Donnell, son of Hugh Finlia, Lord of Aileach, died in religion, after a good life.

A.D. 919. Kinaedh, son of Donnell, Abbot of Derry and Drumhome [co. Donegal], head of the council of the descendants of Conall, died.

A.D. 925. St. Maelbriide, son of Tornan, coarb [or, successor] of Patrick, Columkille, and Adamnan [i. e., Abbot of Armagh, Derry, and Raphoe], head of the piety of all Ireland, &c., died at a good old age. From Colgan's notice of this eminent man [in his *Acta Sanctorum*], it appears that he was of the same royal stock as Columkille himself, being the twelfth in descent from Conall Gulban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages.

A.D. 927. Kencorach, son of Maelweir, Abbot and Bishop of Derry, &c., died. This abbot also was descended in the twelfth degree from Conall Gulban, as appears from the Genealogies of the Irish Saints.

A.D. 936. Dubhthach [or Duffy, son of Dnan], coarb of Columkille and Adamnan in Ireland and Scotland [i. e., Abbot of Derry, Raphoe, and Iona], died. He was nephew to his predecessor, and thirteenth in descent from Conall Gulban.

A.D. 950. Aylan, son of Egneach, son of Dalach, coarb of Columkille [i. e., Abbot of Derry, &c.], died. He was of the royal family of Tirconnell, and thirteenth in descent from Conall Gulban. The *Four M.* give the death of Egneach, son of Dalach, Lord of Tyrconnell, at A.D. 901.

A.D. 952. Rovartach, coarb of Columkille and Adamnan, died.

A.D. 962. Duskila, son of Kinaedh, coarb of Columkille, died.

A.D. 967. Aenghus, grandson of Rovartach, anchorite of Derry, Columkille, died.

The first abbot brought under our notice in this list (before whom only one other is mentioned in the *Annals*)—viz., Murtogh, A.D. 879, appears plainly to have been the son of the Monarch Niall Caille mentioned in the previous entry. That monarch had come of a devout family, his paternal grandfather, Niall Frosach, having resigned his regal sceptre to spend the last years of his life in religious retirement at Iona (as mentioned by the *Four Masters*), at A.D. 765. Kinaedh, the next abbot named in the extracts above, was in like manner evidently the son of Prince Donnell, of the same family; Donnell being grandson to Niall Caille, by his son Hugh Finlia, father of the said Donnell. And this Donnell, after the example of his progenitor, Niall Frosach, had spent his latter days "in religion," most probably in the establishment of Derry, in which his son became abbot. The continued influence of the same royal race in other later entries above will be sufficiently observable on inspection.

16. The few entries connected with *Durrow*, in the *Annals*, are not wholly barren of matter illustrative of our present subject. Among them occur these:—

A.D. 788. Kinaedh, son of Cumusgach, Abbot of *Durrow*, died.

A.D. 835. Saerghus*, grandson of Kinaedh, Abbot of *Durrow*, died.

A.D. 848. Toole, son of Fearadhach, Abbot of *Reachrainn* and *Durrow*, died.

17. The *Reachrainn* here named is not the well-known island of that name off the coast of Antrim (called also Rathlin, and Raghery,) but the island near Howth (Co. Dublin), now called Lambay, on which Columkille erected a monastery. Fearadhach, father of Toole, named in the last entry, had been himself also abbot of *Reachrainn*, as appears from this notice of him in the same *Annals*:—

A.D. 794. Fearadhach, son of Seigheni, Abbot of *Reachrainn*, died.

18. As for *Kildare*, the *Annals*, although registering the obits of many of the *abbesses* who succeeded St. Brigid in that place, yet supply us with no materials enabling us to ascertain what relationships may have existed between the several successive occupants of the office. But with the *abbots* who held office in the same place, and the origin of whose succession dates from the same period, the case is different. The operation of the system of hereditary succession is observable plainly enough among them, as well as the fact, that the particular family in which the right of succession to this abbacy became vested, was the royal one of Leinster. A sufficient foundation for these remarks will be found in the extracts which follow:—

A.D. 638. Hugh Duv, Abbot and Bishop of Kildare, died. He had been at first King of Leinster.

A.D. 697. FORANNAN, Abbot of Kildare, died.

A.D. 747. CAHAL, son of Forannan, Abbot of Kildare, died.

A.D. 771. KELLACH, son of Donogh, King of Leinster, died.

A.D. 782. Murray, son of Cahal, Abbot of Kildare, died.

A.D. 799. FAELAN, son of Kellach, Abbot of Kildare, died.

A.D. 803. FINNACHTA, son of Kellach, King of Leinster, died at Kildare.

A.D. 821. MURRAY, son of Kellach, Abbot of Kildare, died.

A.D. 826. Hugh, son of Kellach, Abbot of Kildare, died.

A.D. 836. REGAN, son of Finnachta, joint King of Leinster, died.

A.D. 850. Artry, son of Faelan, Erenach of Kildare, died.

A.D. 868. Coffey, son of Murray, Abbot of Kildare, a wise and well-learned doctor died. Of him was said, &c. [Then follows a quotation from an ode in his praise, in which he is styled a descendant of Kellach, &c.]

A.D. 878. Sweeny, grandson to Finnachta, Bishop of Kildare, died.

A.D. 882. Murray, son of Bran, Lord of Leinster, and Abbot of Kildare, [died]. Of him it was said, &c. [Then follows an elegy.]

A.D. 892. Bran, son of Murray, *tanist* of Leinster, was slain.

A.D. 920. Flannagan, grandson of Regan, Abbot of Kildare, and Royal Heir of Leinster, died.

A.D. 930. Flann, son of Murray, royal heir of Leinster, died.

A.D. 942. Flann, son of Finn, and Maelmora, two Royal Heirs of Leinster, died.

A.D. 965. Murray, son of Faelan, Abbot of Kildare, and Royal Heir of Leinster, was slain by Aulave, Lord of the Foreigners, &c.

A.D. 985. Murray, son of Flann, successor (coarb) of Couluath [i. e., Abbot of Kildare], died.

This Murray, son of Flann, is the last Abbot of Kildare whose name occurs in the *Annals*. The entries thus given in connection with Kildare, run, it will be seen, through a period of about three hundred and fifty years, commencing before the middle of the seventh century. And they serve to illustrate well, both the working of the principle to which this paper has been referring throughout, and also the close union existing between Church and State in those old times. It should be observed, moreover, that all the evidence thus far adduced concerning the mode of succession under consideration has been wholly of an incidental nature; the compilers of the *Annals* having had it in view, not to enlighten posterity concerning the genealogies of the Irish ecclesiastics, but only to identify them, so far as might seem necessary, for preserving the proper obits of some of them on record. What was thought of these Irish successions in other parts of the Church Catholic, when attention was drawn to them abroad, we shall see presently, if permitted, as we hope to be, to resume the subject, and examine the case of Armagh in particular, in a future paper.

THE MARLEYS.

CHAPTER II.

SINCE the discussion with Father Paul O'Reilly, on prayers to the saints, detailed in our last number, Edith and Adeline Marley had applied themselves more carefully to a diligent reading of the sacred Scriptures. They were still somewhat frightened at the denunciations which they had heard against the exercise of the right of private judgment, and the danger of anybody, but the Church or the priest, interpreting the Word of God; so they thought the best way to arrive at a correct knowledge of the real state of the case would be to listen to both sides of the argument, and, accordingly, they made up their minds to attend a course of controversial sermons on the subject, both at church and chapel, and thus, having heard both authorities giving their respective versions of the matter, to judge for themselves which had the warrant of God in their favour. They waited with some impatience the approach of Lent, which, by some strange arrangement of things, is made a season of religious controversy. In pursuance of their former purpose they attended a course of sermons, preached

at the chapel of ——— street, in Dublin, and, at the same time, as we have hinted, thought it would be no harm to listen to another set of sermons on the Protestant side of the question, by the Rev. Mr. G——, an eminently faithful and zealous clergyman, who preached not very far from the aforesaid chapel.

It so happened that the priest appointed to preach at ——— street chapel was a gentleman whom we shall call the Rev. Mr. Lawrenson, an intimate acquaintance of their father. Mr. Lawrenson was a man of distinguished literary and scientific attainments, of polished address, and gay and engaging manners, and, being still comparatively a young man, was, perhaps, as fitted to be a courtier as a priest. He had been, during the previous winter, a frequent guest at Hollywood, and had been subjected to many an inquiry on matters of religion, by our young friends, which he answered, or confessed himself unable to answer, with an extraordinary degree of frankness and nonchalance. He rather endeavoured to distract their attention from such topics, and lead them to subjects of literature and science, in which he was a proficient. His conversation was fascinating; his manner kind, courteous, and playful; and he laid himself out to win the confidence and friendship of the two sisters. In this he succeeded in no small degree, and Father Lawrenson was the universal favourite of everybody at Hollywood, and had become, as it were, the confessor of the family. With Edith and Adeline he was still more intimately associated. He became the preceptor of their studies, their counsellor in their little plans and arrangements, and their companion in many a walk. In these they took advantage of their intimacy and opportunity, to discuss the most prominent points of controversy between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches, and brought forward such passages of Scripture as they had found bearing upon the subject, and had become, from practice, and earnest and prayerful reading, expert reasoners on the matter, and thoroughly conversant with every text and argument that is habitually brought forward on either side, and with these they pressed Father Lawrenson, without mercy or reserve, really anxious to arrive at the truth, and to have the benefit of his learning and acknowledged great intellectual powers. Father Lawrenson entered into such discussions but feebly, and resisted the arguments brought to bear upon him more weakly every day; and indeed, before very long, he gave the sisters to perceive, though he never openly ventured to make the confession, that neither his heart nor his understanding were on the side of the Church of which he was an ordained and officiating priest, and a distinguished ornament. He so faintly deprecated their inquiries and doubts that he rather seemed to sanction them. Fancy then, reader, the astonishment of Edith and Adeline on going, on a Thursday to ——— street chapel, to find Father Lawrenson mount the pulpit to deliver a controversial sermon, on the subject of the Eucharist. They waited with breathless anxiety to hear what texts and arguments he would adduce before a large and attentive congregation, assembled to be instructed and confirmed in their faith by the reverend and learned preacher. They, on this vital point of Catholic doctrine, listened with amazement at the solemn mockery of passages of Scripture cited by the priest (unconscious, no doubt, of the presence of two individual members of his auditory), which he had an hundred times admitted to have no earthly application to the controversy, and some of them to prove directly the reverse of what he had admitted to be their obvious meaning. As soon as the sermon was over, they hurried out, so as to extricate themselves from the general congregation, with a sense of awe and terror, and almost with an inclination to address them in the language of the Prophet—"Come out from among them, O my people." Very soon afterwards they contrived to attend a controversial sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. G——, and could not fail to contrast the earnest and affectionate manner, the pure and plain Gospel truth, enforced in a spirit of charity and sound common sense, with the cold logic and laboured metaphysics of the sermon they had heard so recently. It is not our present purpose to enter into a detail of either discourse, or to enforce the relative merits or defects of either. The main object of our pages has been to assist our Roman Catholic readers to find the truth for themselves; and we trust we have not been found unfaithful, and that many of them have derived assistance in their inquiries from our paper. Mrs. Marley, some few years before the time of our narrative, had accidentally (or rather, should we not say, in the wise providence of God) met with a weekly newspaper, containing a report of the proceedings at a meeting of the Irish Society at the Rotundo. She read in this the speech of some good and faithful man, and it opened to her mind truths which she had never known before, and which made a deep impression on her mind, and set her on diligent examination of the subject. Being of a timid disposition and undecided character, she never ventured to speak of those matters, but treasured them up in her mind. Thus, strange it was that, in the same family, an attached mother and two sisters, who had in general every thought and feeling in common, for some time were each under the influence of a powerful change of mind without the knowledge of the other, and without venturing to disclose what was passing in her own mind. Such an instance as this cheers us with the hope that in many a quarter, where fear or persecution, or the many influences of the world, may

* The extremely rare occurrence of this name in the *Annals* makes it highly probable that the person here intended was father to the Bishop of Armagh, thus noticed at A.D. 898:—
Kellach, son of Saerghus, anchorite, and Bishop of Armagh, died.

prevent the open declaration of the truth, it may have taken root, and in due time bear its fruit.

As time wore on, many at least of our readers will scarcely be surprised to learn that Edith and Adeline became more fixed in their convictions as to the errors of the Roman Catholic faith. Still they could not muster courage to avow their change of mind, not having the direct countenance of their mother, and dreading the fiery wrath and displeasure of their father, whose advanced age added a peculiar sanction to his parental displeasure. Indeed, to incur their father's displeasure was an event which they dared not contemplate for a moment; yet they had become satisfied that the wrath of God, their Almighty and Heavenly Father, was infinitely a more serious matter, and that it was involved in their attendance at the celebration of the mass, in which the one offering, by which God had perfected for ever them that were sanctified, was set at naught, and the perishable elements of bread and wine held forth for adoration and worship, in plain and palpable defiance of the denunciations against idolatry, or the worship of anything but the true and invisible God. They accordingly resolved that, come what might, they would never again be present at the offering up of the sacrifice of the mass; but in order to preserve appearances, and to avoid an open rupture, they regularly entered the chapel doors on the right hand side, and walked out at the left side, and passed over to hear the Gospel preached in all its glorious fulness and freedom by their friend, the Rev. Mr. G—. It would require a greater degree of casuistry than we desire to possess to determine whether, in this compromise to appearances there was involved a reprehensible compromise of principle, and we do not pretend to say whether the example of Naaman, the Syrian, who asked and obtained permission from the prophet Elisha to enter the temple of Rimmon and bow the knee to the false god, can be adduced to justify the entering a house in which a false worship is carried on, although it is not partaken in. However, the timidity of Edith and Adeline induced them to adopt a course that might save appearances, and save them from open disclosure of their change of feeling before the eyes of the Major. Circumstances seemed to favour this course. The Major, though formerly a regular attendant at chapel every Sunday, had latterly, from advanced age, been unable to go out as usual. Mrs. Marley, it may be guessed from what we have said, though she gave no express sanction to her daughters deserting their religious attendance at the mass, did not interfere with them, while Marcella regarded with unutterable anguish the defection of her sisters, whose early education had been chiefly intrusted to herself, and, with many a bitter pang of remorse, she reproached herself with not having been more diligent in imbuing their young minds with Catholic truth; yet she dreaded her father's violent temper too much, and loved her sisters too tenderly, to expose them to his displeasure by revealing their conduct to him. But many a time the sisters found themselves on the brink of a volcano. The Major would, Sunday after Sunday, at 11 o'clock, announce his intention of going to mass, and would make every preparation to be ready. Then impended a crisis, when they should either have abjured the truth of God or come to an open rupture with their father. On such an occasion, as argument or expostulation would have had a precisely opposite effect, and only determined him to go, Edith and Adeline having no resource in themselves, would betake themselves to their knees, and ask the great Disposer of all events, who taketh cognizance of the falling of a sparrow, and counteth the hairs of the heads of his people, to spare them such a trial, and keep their dear father from attending what they conceived to be the idolatry of the mass: and certain it was, that some passing cloud, some fancied ailment, some whim, as light as air, would turn the purpose of the Major, and, when the carriage had driven up to the door, he would unexpectedly say, "I don't think, my dear, I will go out to-day."

In this way Edith and Adeline were left comparatively free to follow the dictates of their own consciences, and to pursue the path of truth, as they considered it to be, free and unmolested. But it was not long before their kind and gossiping friends perceived their mysterious disappearance from mass, and noticed that Mrs. Marley and Marcella, though always accompanied by the two younger girls when entering the chapel, were, some way or other, without them when leaving it. Others of their inquiring friends found out that, about two o'clock, the two young ladies were to be met in the direction of — street church, and, as there is no philosopher so diligent in the pursuit of knowledge as the gossip in the pursuit of scandal, the sisters were watched, and traced, and actually discovered entering the precincts of the church. The parish priest and the bishop were very soon apprized of the scandalous proceeding; the alarm was sounded and spread, and the neighbourhood duly informed, and, though nobody ventured to be the direct medium of communicating such bad news to the Major, it was not long before he received a bundle of anonymous letters, written by sincere friends and devoted Roman Catholics, warning him "that he was nurturing a pair of vipers in his bosom, and they of his own household were about to disgrace and dishonour him." To do the old Major justice, whatever might have been his feelings of alarm or indignation at such intelligence as this, he had a manly and thorough contempt for all anonymous letter writers, he regarded them as cowards, and suspected them as being slanderers, and he would have considered himself demeaned if he were be-

trayed into any participation of their base purpose by acting upon their information. Accordingly he put a restraint upon himself, and never mentioned the intelligence he had received to anybody. Another circumstance happened shortly after this, which added something more to the Major's disquietude. The housemaid, Ellen, had brought him a Protestant Bible, which, she said, she had seen Miss Adeline continually reading; but, at the same time, she extracted from him a solemn promise not to mention her name in the matter, as (though she had been ordered at confession to give the Bible to the Major) "she would not, for all the world, bring dear Miss Adeline into any trouble." This further piece of intelligence, communicated under the seal of confidence, added fuel to the internal fire which was consuming the soul of the Major and had no vent.

Edith and Adeline had remarked for some time that their father, though still affectionate in manner as usual, was more reserved, and less familiar and playful with them than was his wont. Mrs. Marley, also, found his temper more excitable, and it was not long before the Major found occasion to speak. On a Monday morning, Father O'Reilly, the parish priest, and the Very Reverend Dr. —, the Vicar-General of the diocese, drove up to Hollywood. Their arrival struck the young converts as being portentous of no good. After about half an hour's private conference with their father, the parlour bell was rung peremptorily, if not violently, and a summons forwarded, requesting the attendance of Miss Edith and Miss Adeline in the parlour. They entered the room with a slow and faltering step, in fear and trembling, and not without a prayer first offered up for strength and wisdom. The old Major was sitting at the table, with his writing desk open before him, excited and inflamed to a degree that alarmed the timid girls. Father O'Reilly sat at the window, looking as perplexed and uncomfortable as possible, while the Reverend Vicar-General had a cold, impassive, inquisitorial expression of countenance, that would have struck terror into the heart of an ordinary heretic, and might have caused the Maid of Orleans herself to quail. He received the girls with a smile, like the glare of a winter's sun upon the dark waters of a gloomy lake. His object seemed to be to reduce them to immediate submission, by a resolute attack upon their fears, and the scene was eminently calculated to produce such an effect. Their father motioned them to be seated, and said to Edith, in a tone of affected calmness and placidity—"Edith, may I take the liberty of asking you when were you last at confession?"

"Not for some time, papa," replied Edith, rather boldly.

"Then, may I expect that you will attend Mr. — to confession, on Friday next?"

"Indeed, papa, I will do anything in the world to please you, consistently with my sense of what is due to God, and what he commands me to do."

The Major said—"Edith, I desire to have no equivocation or reservation; I wish to have a distinct answer to my request; will you go to confession on Friday next, according to my wish and desire, or will you not?"

To this Edith, after a moment's pause and reflection, replied—"Do not, dearest papa, press me on this subject, until I can explain to you what my reasons are, and, I am persuaded, I will satisfy you that I am acting rightly in pursuing the course dictated to me by my conscience."

"Am I, then, to understand you, Edith, to mean that you will not go?"

"Indeed, papa, it is not fair to press me now on the subject."

Upon this the Major turned round to Adeline, pale as death, and trembling with terror, and fiercely demanded of her—

"Well, madam, what is your answer to my most unreasonable request, that you shall attend confession on Friday next?"

Adeline, more dead than alive, appeared to be on the point of fainting; she looked up, slowly and fearfully, and met the scowling glance of the Vicar-General lowering upon her triumphantly, as if he beheld her conquered and at his feet. She aroused herself, and with an energy which, a moment before, appeared impossible, she advanced toward her father, and said—"Dearest papa, anything on the earth you desire me or wish me to do, however hard or disagreeable, I will cheerfully do; but to go to confession, or to make any such compliance with a system, which I believe to be one of rank error, I cannot, and most decidedly will not do."

At this unexpected announcement the Major was perfectly astounded. From their earliest childhood he had not only exacted but received the most implicit obedience, and never had heard before his slightest wish questioned, much less denied. When he recovered himself sufficiently his wrath knew no bounds, he stamped and strode about the room, and expressed himself in language neither measured nor orthodox. He imprecated in terrible words all heretics in general, and especially his disobedient and recreant daughters. He vowed all sorts of vengeance, and declared, in the most solemn and awful manner, that his roof should never for a night harbour any heretic who disgraced his family and his name, and that they should begone immediately from his presence for ever, and the old man in a paroxysm of uncontrollable passion and grief knelt down for the wicked purpose of pouring upon the children of his old age and affection, whom he most tenderly and devotedly loved, the direst, most terrific words that human tongue can utter—a father's curse.

Edith and Adeline sprang like the lightning to their father's side and literally closed his lips with their hands, and with wild and bitter tears they cried out almost in one voice—"Oh, papa! cast us out on the world if you please—kill us, but do not curse us."

This was no sudden impulse that had moved them. It had been for months their daily, almost hourly prayer, that their dear father, whose temper knew no restraints, might never be permitted to curse them. They felt they could encounter every trial and every persecution—fire—sword—the loss of friends—misconstruction—anything but a father's curse, and yet they foresaw that no danger was more imminent, and accordingly they made it the subject of their constant prayer that that calamity at least should be averted from them.

In this instance the Major was, for the time, absolutely silenced, and drawn with gentle violence to his chair, while his daughters hung upon his neck in tears. The Vicar-General, seeing that he was over-doing the business, and that, by driving matters to extremities, he might lose his game altogether, advanced to the Major, and, in the most conciliatory and soothing tones, reproached him for his violence, and said that "he had no doubt his daughters were very good girls, and if left to their own good sense, and if they would but explain to their spiritual preceptors what their difficulties were, they would soon find them removed, and the Major would have the satisfaction of seeing them act as he wished." The Vicar-General then blandly asked Edith and Adeline would they not consent to see the Bishop, and explain to him what their doubts and difficulties were, and see whether he could not remove them. They readily assented, and said "they had no objection whatever to hear from the Bishop anything he had to say on the subject which had influenced their conduct, as their only desire was to arrive at the truth."

The Major, whose fits of passion were as transient as they were violent, was half ashamed of himself by this time, and, affectionately kissing his daughters, said he had always found them good and dutiful children, and was happy to hear that they would act as Dr. — had advised, and hoped he would hear no more of their new-fangled notions; and then he gave them permission to leave the room, of which they availed themselves with alacrity, and were soon found at the throne of grace, thanking their Almighty Father for his deliverance of them from this terrible ordeal, and, above all, from their Father's curse.

Their visit to the Bishop we must postpone to our next number.

THE TALK OF THE ROAD.—No. XV.

"Well, Pat, what were you doing since I saw you?" said Jem, when they met next.

"Well, then, I was hearing a sermon in Kilcommon," said Pat.

"And was it Father John that was in it?" said Jem.

"No, then," said Pat, "it was Doctor Martin, from England, that was a Protestant clergyman and that turned; and I saw it up in letters as big as my hand, so I thought I'd go and see if he came up to Father John."

"Well, and how did he do it?" said Jem.

"Well, he's a great preacher entirely," said Pat, "and no mistake, for you would hear him a mile off. But for what he said, it beat all that ever I heard from ourselves itself. Why, sure he spoke it out plain, that the Blessed Virgin was the wife of the Holy Ghost! Now, is that in the Bible, I want to know?"

"Why, Pat," said Jem, "sure that beats ourselves all out; sure that's worse nor ever we were. Doesn't the Blessed Virgin call herself the handmaid of the Lord? and to go to make a woman the wife of God! sure that beats all. And didn't God say, that man and wife are one flesh? and how can she be one flesh with Him? Sure it's too bad entirely."

"And how comes it at all," said Pat, "that the great English clergy, that has learning and knowledge, should be turning to worse than the likes of us can stand?"

"Well, I heard Mr. Owens preach a sermon on that," said Jem, "and he made it plain enough, for he said our hearts was all turned away from the truth, by nature, and that the wise and learned was as bad this way as the poorest creatures; and he showed that it wasn't the wise and learned that was mostly called, but that the Gospel was preached to the poor; and that God had chosen the foolish to confound the wise; and if that was the way in St. Paul's own time, why wouldn't it be that way now? And he said, forby that, the most learned of those clergy that turned in England didn't give any learned reason for it at all; but just no better nor ourselves would give, when the priest told us that his way was right; and sure that's the poor proof, when it isn't in the Bible? And isn't it enough to make out Mr. Owens right, when Dr. Martin says the like of that? But what more did he say?"

"Well, of all that ever you heard, he said of the Protestant clergy. He said he knew them well, for he was one himself, and that they didn't believe in God, or in Jesus Christ, or in the Holy Ghost itself; but that they was all infidels and heathens."

* Pat is, probably, correct in this, shocking as it may appear, for we find a similar statement in a report of a sermon, preached at Navan, by Dr. Marshall, in 1852; published by T. Henderson, Kells.

† 1 Cor. i. 26. ‡ Matt. xli. 5. Luke iv. 18. § 1 Cor. i. 27.

¶ This was shown in our number for March, 1852, vol. i. p. 28.